

THE MARLBOROUGH-VANDERBILT WEDDING.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED



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REV. T. DeWITT TALMAGE, D.D., AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

HIS FIRST SERMON AS CO-PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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NOVEMBER 7, 1895.

A Degenerate Tendency.

SOME recent election results in France seem to justify the criticism of the London *Saturday Review* that universal suffrage—in that country at least—is always eager to put contempt upon morality. It will be remembered that in 1893 a number of Deputies who had been closely connected with the Baron Reinad scandals were triumphantly re-elected, and so rehabilitated by the constituencies they had dishonored. Now an electorate has gone even further, having chosen Monsieur Merry, who was mulcted in damages by a court whose president declared that he had been guilty of what was practically embezzlement, as municipal councilor, by 951 votes out of 1,120. That is to say, the people have put back into power the very man who plundered them.

It cannot be said, however, that this tendency of democracies to condone the offenses of public officials is peculiar to France. We have some striking illustrations of it in our own country. Witness, for instance, the spectacle presented in Kentucky, where the Democratic party is prostrating itself before the man Breckinridge, who, as one says, "dragged the name of both his party and State through the mud of the muddiest trial in recent history," and who for his ostentatious offenses against morality was a year ago repudiated by an indignant constituency. No man of any party who has been in public life for the last quarter of a century has more flagrantly affronted the moral sense of the country than this white-haired debauchee. Yet, now that the Democratic ticket is in danger, the managers in their desperation thrust him forward as the "saviour" of their canvass, giving to his reappearance on the stage all the éclat of a triumphal entry. And the party newspapers, with one or two exceptions, remain silent under the disgrace, while even women unite in doing honor to the bestial creature whose life is a long record of lechery.

Take another illustration of this degenerate tendency—the nomination in the Twelfth District of this city of Alexander S. Williams as the Republican candidate for the State Senate. Everybody who has kept the run of things knows that there is no man in this community who is more utterly unworthy, more absolutely unfit for the Legislative office, than this notorious ex-inspector of police. He is in no sense, not even the lowest, a representative of the Republican party and the policies to which it is committed. If elected he would antagonize every effort for municipal reform, and would prove a supple ally of all the vicious elements in legislation. The Republican managers who forced his nomination know this, and yet they ask the masses of the party to give him their votes. What shall we say of the policy which thus puts contempt upon virtue and offers an affront to every decent man in the community? And what of the men who are responsible for the outrage? No French electorate has ever more shamelessly disgraced itself by the election of public plunderers to office than the Twelfth District would disgrace itself by condoning the offenses of this man Williams in electing him to the Senate. Whatever else may or may not happen, that calamity should be at every cost averted.

Increasing Intellectual Life of Our People.

We lament the commercialism of the age; we recognize the materialism of the times. We apologize for much of the commercialism and of the materialism by saying that we are a new people and that physical nature must be the first concern of a new people. And yet we should not be blind to the many facts which represent the present and increasing intellectual power of the people.

One of the signs of this enlarging intellectual life is found in the number and character of what may be called the learned reviews. The magazines that are devoted to the questions of higher scholarship are many. The reviews devoted to philology and psychology, to history, and to the various sciences are now so numerous that it would be unfitting to attempt either to name or to characterize them. Not a few colleges also are publishing bulletins of the investigations of their professors. Investigations are going on in a half-dozen colleges of this country which are to revolutionize the sciences. Investigations are going on in many of the libraries which are to revolutionize, or at least to revise, our opinions of great characters and of great movements. It is also to be said that some twenty of our colleges are doing graduate work. This work has come to include relations of public importance. The number of scholarly books, too, that are issued each month from the press is largely and rapidly increasing, and their character represents the highest values.

Neither are we to forget that the broad social problems of our time are now being studied, not only with the same

interest as a few years ago, but also with very much more comprehensiveness. It is to be recognized that the social or sociological problem is very much more diverse than was once thought, and to treat any one particular element the relation of a single part to all other parts must be considered. Upon the consideration of this momentous question is being put the best thought as well as the best feeling of the time.

There never was a time in the history of the world when the most difficult intellectual problems, pertaining both to the world without and to the world within, were receiving so large an amount of the profoundest thought of the scholars and the thinkers of the United States.

Great Britain and Venezuela.



THE British controversy with Venezuela appears to have reached the acute stage, and there is reason to believe that Lord Salisbury has made up his mind definitely to enforce acquiescence with his demands on the part of the republic. The quarrel is of long standing, dating from about 1841, when a British commissioner surveyed and marked out the boundaries of British Guiana so as to include an immense slice of Venezuelan territory—about one-third, in fact, of her whole territorial area. The boundary thus laid out was altogether fanciful, and the commissioner himself admitted that his only justification was a desire to get as much land as possible. Venezuela naturally protested, but her protestations were treated with contempt, and Great Britain has continued from year to year to advance her claims, making some actual seizures of territory, until now she declines all offers of arbitration and declares her purpose to hold by force, if need be, not only what she has already in possession, but the entire area to which she laid claim in 1841, the occupation of which will give her control of the mouth of the Orinoco and the commerce and navigation of that great region, as well as of silver and gold deposits of immense value.

It is apparent that our government cannot acquiesce in the pretensions set up by British greed. We have nothing at all to do with the claims of indemnity for indignities alleged to have been put upon British officials by the Venezuelan government, but we are bound to resent any hostile interference with the institutional forms of that or any other American republic, or any attempts at colonization which look to the permanent lodgment of a foreign Power on American soil. That, and that precisely, is the policy to which we have been committed for seventy years. Our prestige and every great national interest are involved in its defense. Englishmen themselves concede the justice of the doctrines advanced by Mr. Monroe and heretofore tenaciously held by us. If may suit the present government to ignore it, but the best British opinion recognizes it as sound and necessary. Here, for instance, is the London *Spectator*, which, in discussing the Venezuelan question, remarks as to the "authentic and legitimate Monroe doctrine" as follows:

"What does it amount to? This—that the United States will not allow the European Powers to conquer and hold, directly or indirectly, any new possessions on the American continent. That Monroe in laying down this principle, and the American people in making it, as it were, a fundamental law of the state, were perfectly justified, we do not doubt for a moment. The Americans valued intensely, and still value, their isolation and aloofness from the quarrels and alliances of Europe. Their geographical position frees them from all care as to foreign entanglements. But this freedom would cease were France to take Mexico, Germany Brazil, and Italy the Argentine Republic. At once the United States would be forced to live under the conditions which have made Europe an armed camp. The Americans realized that they must make a stand against such possibilities from the very beginning, and herein they were boldly prudent."

We shall see in due time whether the national administration will permit the principle here so clearly stated to be invaded with impunity by British buccaneers. There is some reason to believe that in the correspondence on this general subject the American view has been asserted with some positiveness, but whether that attitude will be persisted in with vigor and emphasis in the event that Lord Salisbury shall choose to ignore our protestations and argument as to the application of the Monroe doctrine to the Venezuelan case is yet to be determined.

Our New Gun-boats.

THE launch of the gun-boats *Nashville* and *Wilmington* at Newport News, on October 19th, marked another distinct advance in the development of the new navy of the United States. Deficient as we have been, and are, in battle-ships, we have been still more deficient in vessels of this class. These are intended especially for service in rivers. They will be valuable for service on the China station, where protection to Americans is needed hundreds of miles from the coast.

The *Nashville* draws eleven feet of water, and the *Wilmington* draws only nine feet. The *Nashville* is two hundred and twenty feet long, and the *Wilmington* is two hundred and fifty feet long. The *Nashville* has a peculiar arrangement of water-tube and fire-tube boilers, using both or either at will, and the *Wilmington* has two rudders to

facilitate a rapid turning in narrow streams where it will be necessary to run the vessel's prow into the bank to effect the turn.

We have no such vessels as these in the navy. The recent atrocities in China show that they cannot be put into commission any too quickly. They will cause the American flag to be respected in many places where it was never respected before, and almost never seen. Their construction shows a commendable intelligence in the upbuilding of the navy, an intelligence which candor compels patriotic citizens to declare, with regret, has not been carried out in other departments of the most important branch of the executive work of the administration.

The launch was interesting from the fact that it was the first in the history of the navy where two vessels were launched, tandem-fashion, from the same ways. Spirited illustrations of the event will be found on another page.

Record-breaking in Railway Travel.

THIS is a record-breaking era in railway travel. In one day last week a train on the Lake Shore and New York Central roads made the run from Chicago to New York, a distance of nine hundred and eighty miles, in 17 hours, 45 minutes, and 23 seconds; a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad covered the distance between Jersey City and Philadelphia, ninety miles, in 93 minutes, and a special on the Long Island road ran one hundred and four miles in 106 minutes. The fastest long-distance running was made on the Lake Shore road, the run from Chicago to Buffalo, a stretch of five hundred and ten miles, having been accomplished in 7 hours, 50 minutes, and 20 seconds, or at the rate of 65.07 miles an hour, excluding stops. The fastest single mile on the Pennsylvania was covered in 53 seconds. Some of the passengers of the Lake Shore who brought with them the Chicago newspapers issued on the morning of the phenomenal ride visited three of the theatres in this city after their arrival in the evening.

This is in wonderful contrast with old-time travel, when a whole week was consumed in the journey "by packet line" from New York to Buffalo, and it required a day to make the trip by stage-coach between New York and Philadelphia. But amazing as are the results already reached, we will probably be able, when we come to understand more fully the possibilities of electricity, to make still greater progress in the "annihilation of space."

The Cost of Strikes.

If facts counted for anything with the professional labor agitators who are responsible for most of the strikes which so derange the relations between capital and labor, certain statistics embodied in a recent report of the Commissioner of Labor would be quite likely to impress them with the folly of the policy they pursue for correcting the so-called wrongs of the industrial classes. Mr. Wright, the commissioner in question, shows, after a careful investigation covering the last seven and a half years, that within this period 46,863 establishments have been involved in strikes which affected a total of 2,391,203 employes. Fifty-one per cent. of these strikes occurred in twenty-six manufacturing cities, in which the loss of wages to employes was, in round numbers, thirty-five million dollars, while the loss to employers was something less than twenty-nine million dollars. During the same period there was a total of two hundred and forty-four lockouts, involving a loss of wages to employes of twelve millions of dollars, while the loss of employers was nearly half that sum. Less than one-half of the strikes were successful. Exactly stated, success in their demands was gained by the employes in only 20,397 out of the total number of 46,863 establishments affected. Of course the enormous losses sustained by both employers and employes, as shown by these statistics, were not even approximately made up to the employes by the increase in wages which was in some cases secured as the result of the strikes, while the loss to the general public consequent upon the dislocation of industries and derangement of business was total.

All experience goes to show that the strike as a method of adjusting differences between capital and labor seldom accomplishes its real purpose in the elevation of labor and the removal of burdens, real or imaginary. There are, of course, cases in which, because of injustice on the part of employers, a resort to this method may be justifiable, if not necessary. So far as it is not accompanied by violence or interference with the rights of others it may legitimately be used; but there can be no permanent or satisfactory adjustment of the relations existing between the employer and the employe until both come to recognize more fully the spirit of the Golden Rule, and a regard for the principle of fair play becomes the dominant motive with each.

No Alliance with Populists.

THE subject of the reorganization of the United States Senate is beginning to attract attention at Washington. Senator Sherman in a recent interview expressed the opinion that, neither party having a clear majority, a compromise would be arranged with the Democrats by which the Republicans would be given the Senate secretaryship, the principal place, while the present Democratic sergeant-at-arms would be retained, all the lesser offices to be equally

divided between the two parties. As to the committees, they will, of course, be reconstituted, the Republicans presumably getting the control of the more important, and thus becoming responsible for the direction of legislation. Some of the silver Republicans, however, are threatening that there shall be no reorganization unless the vacancy now existing in the finance committee is filled by a silver man. There are possibly a few Republicans who would prefer to "make a deal" with the Populists and so obtain control of all the committees, but the party sentiment is so overwhelmingly opposed to any alliance of this sort that any attempt to carry it out would result in failure. Better remain permanently out of power than acquire it by a fusion with a party which is antagonistic to every substantial public interest.

* MEN AND THINGS *

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE kleptomaniacal tendencies of undergraduates at our various universities are a constant source of trouble and anxiety to college authorities, while to staid alumni of thirty or forty years' standing it is extremely puzzling to understand why their sons and nephews and grandsons have such a desire for the collection of utterly useless things by the no means simple process of thievery. A barber's pole is hardly a thing of beauty or utility to any one outside of the guild, yet many a freshman has risked "rustication" for the sake of one of the striped things; and as for tradesmen's signs and doctors' shingles, every verdant 'varsity man considers the scheme of his room decoration incomplete without one or more of such trophies. It is a curious phenomenon, without doubt, and none the less so because most of us, whether out of college one year or fifty, can bear witness to the fascination of such pilfering. But there is such a thing as allowing even temporary aberration too much license, and the result has been felt very keenly at Harvard recently, where the disappearance of one of the university's most valued relics—the Louisburg Cross, that has stood over the entrance to the library for the last twenty years—has aroused not only the faculty but the students themselves to a pitch that bodes anything but good to the offenders if they are caught. It is to be hoped that the purloiners will find it too heavy a cross to bear very far, and that the agitation in Cambridge will not only end in its recovery, but in putting a stop to a ridiculous custom. Not one Harvard man in a thousand knows anything about the cross, save the mere fact of its gilded existence over the library entrance. One hundred and fifty years ago a Massachusetts regiment brought it back from the siege of Louisburg, and in some unknown way it came into the possession of the college. Twenty years ago Dr. Justin Winsor, the librarian, ran across it in the cellar of the library, and had it placed in the position from which it has just been taken. The prospect of the permanent loss of such a unique relic should excite every effort for its recovery.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the premier of Cape Colony, is known the world over for a dominant, forceful man who has been able to mould circumstance to his own advantage. He has subdued the Kaffirs, outwitted the Boers, annihilated the Matabeles, practically defied the home government, and gone on his own irresistible way, shaping the policy and destiny of Cape Colony to his own ends. He has swept objections and objectors ruthlessly aside, heeding no counsel, and caring for no man's opposition, until now he stands, seemingly impregnable, the virtual ruler of South Africa. But he doesn't hold the position unquestioned. I have said that he cared practically nothing for the opposition of men, and when I say it I wonder how he is going to meet the opposition of a woman who has crossed his path recently with the intention of breaking what seems to her a baleful power, fraught with danger to her country. The woman is Olive Schreiner, who a good many of us remember as a dreamer of mystic dreams and the teller of a remarkable tale, "The Story of an African Farm." She has set at him in the Cape Town papers with a relentless vigor, and hopes to arouse the colonists' courage to the sticking point and sweep Rhodes and his colleagues from their powerful position. Lobengula, the famous Matabele warrior and his tribes fell before Rhodes's indomitable purpose. Krueger, the shrewd president of the Boers, has been outwitted by him time and again, and a hundred towering difficulties have been leveled with ease by this modern Rhodes colossus. Would it not be a piece of most exquisite irony if this gentle woman, this dreamer, were to pull him down to earth?

Any one who had the luck to get a glimpse of Frederick Remington's bronze, the Bronco Buster, in Tiffany's window last week, must feel that that artist can no longer be confined to the limitations imposed by black and white. This is his first attempt at anything of the kind, and it has many of the technical defects of a tentative effort, but its boldness, virility, and freedom of treatment are compensations for any shortcomings in that direction, and one could wish—but faint-heartedly, though—that the public appreciation of it would form a firm basis for further trials along the same lines.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

The Murdered Queen of Corea.

A HISTORY of all the terrible and sanguinary plots, of the killing and murdering which in the last twenty years have taken place in and around the royal palace of Corea, of the wonderful escapes and comical flights, would make a book far more interesting, exciting, and ghastly than any of the novels of Alexandre Dumas. For the court of Queen Min would give points—as far as cunning and barbarism go—to the courts of Catherine de Medicis or Anne d'Autriche.

The many revolutions which have taken place in Corea in the last two decades, and the war between Japan and China, have all been brought about by the queen, who, since the treaty of Shimonosaki, had been doing her utmost to make Japan and Russia come to blows. It was said in Corea that the king governed the country, but the queen governed the king. Weak-minded in the extreme, this king has never been able to resist his wife or to interfere with her plans, unless backed by Japanese diplomacy and bayonets. She made him give to her relatives or absolutely devoted creatures all the offices of the government, all the collectorships of revenues, and the governments of all the provinces. What the people suffered at the hands of these heartless, brutal, barbarous officials, and the way in which they were robbed and oppressed, is beyond description. And when at last they revolted, as they did now and then, and, maddened by their sufferings, threatened to put everything afire, then the queen uniformly called upon the Chinese to send troops to help her in putting down the rebellion, thus giving opportunities to the Peking government to interfere in the kingdom's affairs. The queen consequently has always been pro-Chinese and anti-Japanese, and she undoubtedly instigated the attacks upon Japanese subjects and upon the Japanese legations. When at last, last year, the Japanese vigorously protested to the king, backing their remonstrances by sending soldiers to guard their legation, and the king seemed for once ready to adopt a strong policy

ains. The Japanese had everything their own way, and through a commission composed of some of the most clever men of Corea they introduced the reforms so much needed in the unfortunate kingdom. The king's father, Tai Wan Kun, was placed at the head of the government, and directed the affairs of the kingdom in the name of the king. This man was, twenty-five years ago, the greatest enemy of foreigners and Christians in Corea. At the time when the foreign missionaries were murdered he was regent, and this atrocious act was performed, if not at his instigation, at least with his permission. He appears, however, to have changed entirely, and to be now the opponent of progress and civilization, and, therefore, of the Japanese. Twelve years ago he was already opposing the queen and the pro-Chinese party. Min decided to get rid of him. He was invited to a lunch on board a Chinese man-of-war, which steamed away with him and took him to China, where he was kept, much like a prisoner, for several years. As the crown prince, the king's son, is as feeble of body as he is weak of mind, Tai Wan Kun is anxious that his own son should become king of Corea. After Japan was made by Russia, France, and Germany to give up the Liaotung Peninsula, Russian intrigues began at Seoul, with the result that Tai Wan Kun, pro-Japanese, lost, little by little, his influence, while the queen regained hers. Mrs. Weber, wife of the Russian minister, became an intimate of the queen, and through her Russia began meddling in the kingdom's affairs. From this one can readily understand the importance of the news of the assassination of the queen, and of the recall to power of Tai Wan Kun. It is a crushing defeat for Russian diplomacy, and therefore a victory for Japan. The question now is, "How will Russia look at the deed?" Will the event precipitate the war which many think to be inevitable? It may be, but I rather doubt it—for neither country seems yet ready for the struggle for supremacy in the far East.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.



EX-GOVERNOR CAMPBELL AND HIS "SWEET SIXTEEN" ADMIRERS.

and to oppose the queen's government, she had recourse to schemes which could hardly be credited, had they not been verified by the foreign ministers. The most wonderful was the bringing forward of a sorceress, who claimed to have descended from a famous Korean general who some centuries ago successfully defended the country against a Chinese invasion. The woman pretended to be in communication with her ancestor's soul, and to receive from him messages for the king, advising him as to how to govern. The unfortunate, feeble monarch was made to meet this sorceress at night in some remote and wild part of the royal gardens, and one can readily imagine the effect of such mysterious meetings on his weak mind. Of course the dead general, through the sorceress, always ordered him to issue decrees and to make laws suiting exactly the policy of the queen, to appoint her subjects to all high offices, to send into exile all persons who were in her way, to resist the Japanese, etc. One of the first steps taken by the commission of reforms which was formed at the instigation of the Japanese government after the early defeats of the Chinese was to insist that the "sorceress, through the influence of whom so much harm had been done, etc., be judged and punished." This commission had for legal adviser Mr. Greathouse, formerly United States consul at Yokohama.

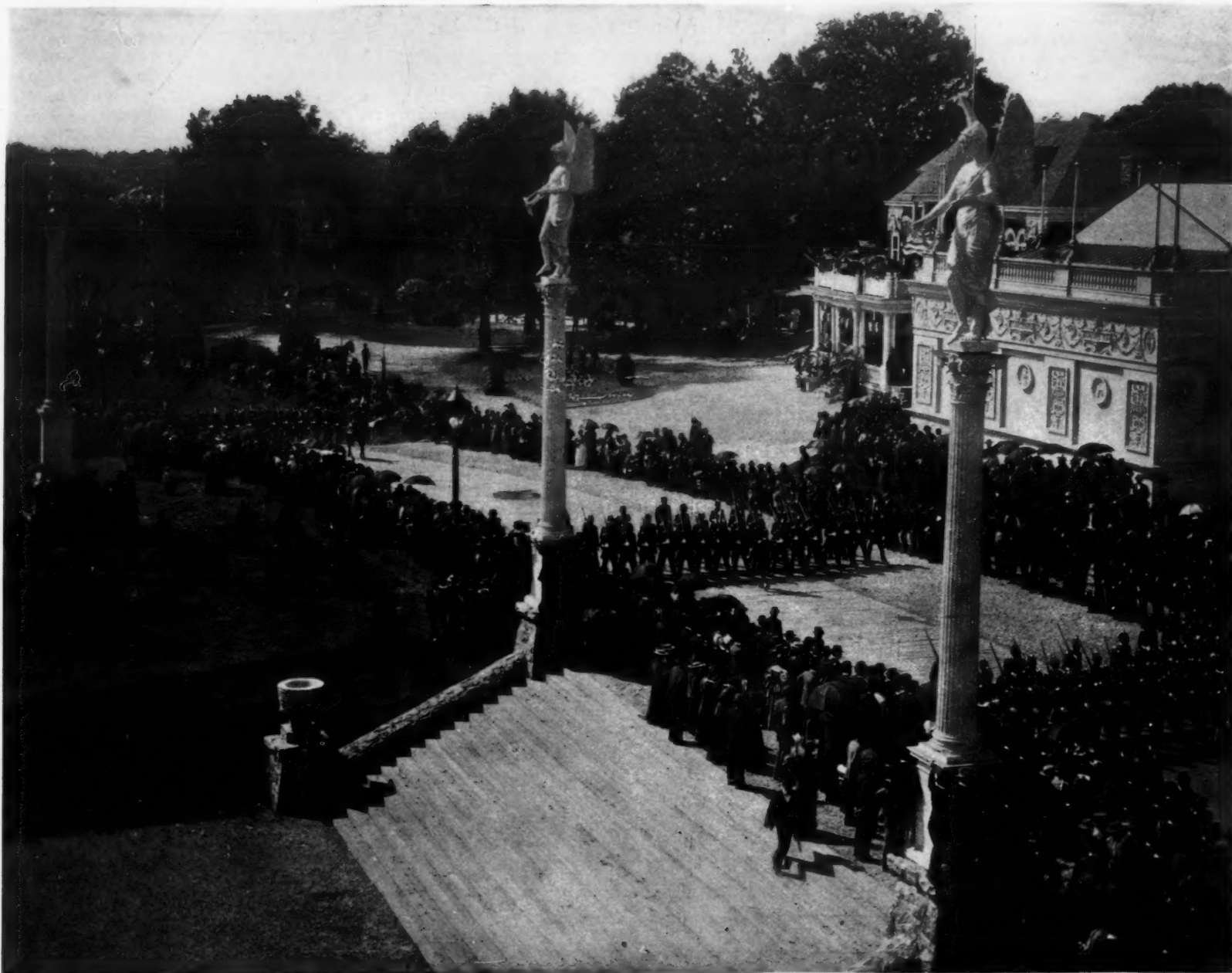
The queen was undoubtedly a most wonderful and extremely clever woman. At the beginning of the Japan-China war and during the victorious march of the Japanese she was absolutely in the background. It was claimed that an attempt to murder her took place, and all of her creatures, her servants, her relatives holding all the offices, fled from Corea to China, or hid themselves in the mount-

Pleasant Campaigning in Ohio.

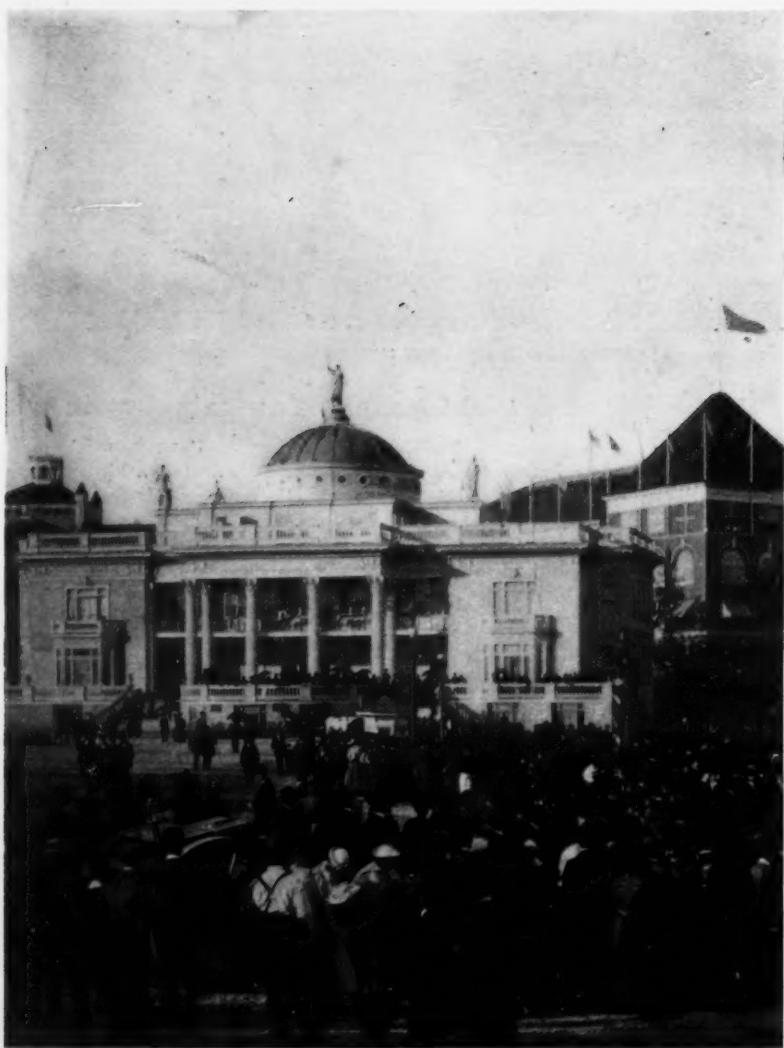
EX-GOVERNOR JAMES E. CAMPBELL is conducting a hopeless campaign in Ohio against a big and rugged Republican majority. He is a wonderfully popular man, and while actually a candidate for Governor this year he is prospectively a Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1896. He is thus inspired to make a memorable campaign this year, in order to acquire a prestige for the national contest.

Slim as are his prospects of election, he is having plenty of pleasure as he goes along. Whenever he holds a meeting in an Ohio town the event is usually a festival occasion, which Republicans enjoy as well as Democrats. At Van Wert, the other day, the gallant ex-Governor visited a photograph-gallery. He found there a bevy of beautiful young women. They were members of a select social organization known as "The Sweet Sixteen." They were there for a group photograph, and when the candidate came in they insisted that he should be one of the group. Campbell is a modest man and demurred, saying he did not want to mar the picture. The girls protested, pleaded, and promised. Of course they won. Several of them declared that they had Republican fathers, brothers, and sweet-hearts who "just should" vote for Campbell if he would consent to go into the picture. He consented, and the picture is reproduced in these columns. Should Campbell be the Democratic nominee for President next year the picture will be remarkably valuable to the young women who compose the group. Campaigning, as conducted by Campbell in Ohio, seems a very pleasant pastime after all.

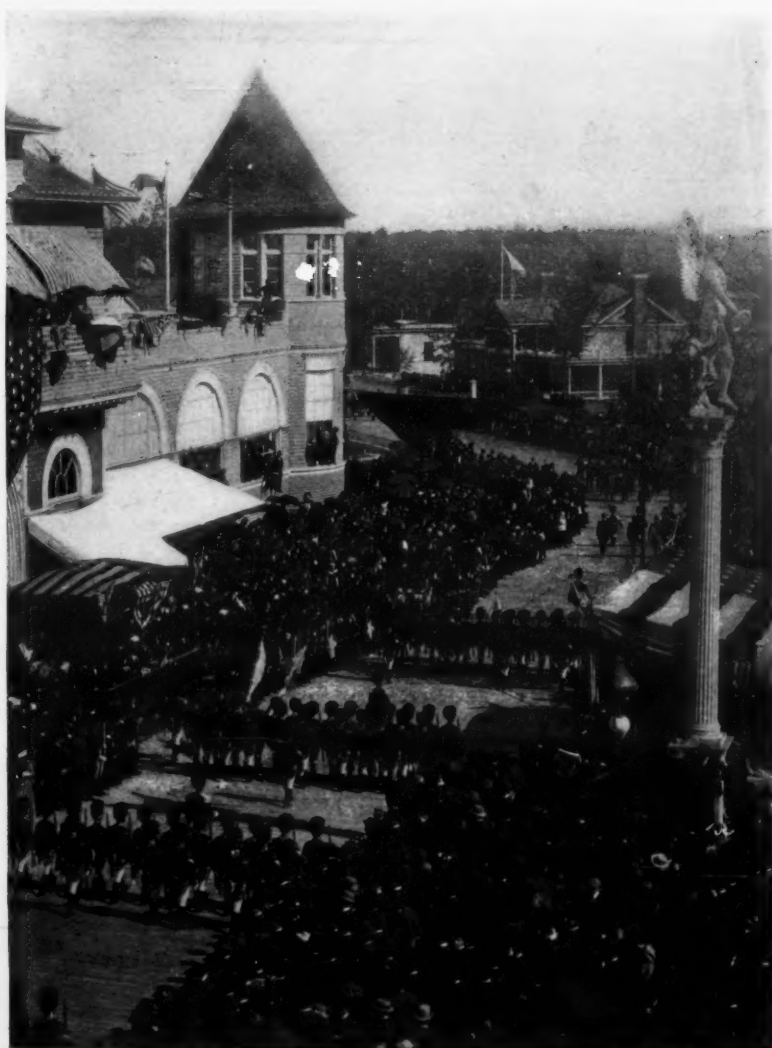
FRANK B. GESSNER.



THE GATE CITY GUARD PASSING THE ART BUILDING.



THE PRESIDENT VISITS THE WOMAN'S BUILDING—THE CROWD AWAITING HIS APPEARANCE.



THE CONNECTICUT GUARDS PASSING IN REVIEW, THE PRESIDENT ON THE RIGHT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S VISIT TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWE, ATLANTA.—[SEE PAGE 303.]



"De Fournier was asleep, his head between his hands, his knees still bent upon the floor."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XXIII.
WHILE THE LARK WAS SINGING.



IN due course Mathilde and the count drew rein at the Hermitage. The farmer and his wife received them with tears, but had overlooked nothing that could make their stay a comfort so long as it lasted. Laroche also took every precaution to make the place a safe prison. Nevertheless, it was a blessed house to Mathilde and de Fournier—their first home. Though it had been converted into a jail, nothing could change the sweet memories that would cling about it forever in their imagination. So they dreamed on, and said naught to each other about their journey, nor of their hopes. They were together; for the present that was enough.

The next morning the farmer and the partner of his joys and sorrows and their one man-servant came to the door to bid their guests adieu and add their blessings. The good wife, in her brown woolen dress and apron, her sabots and colored cross-over about her brown neck, had to be supported by the farmer, who every now and then raised his hand to his forehead in respectful salutation at de Fournier's kindly words.

"Citizen," said Laroche, "on my own behalf, and by desire of Monsieur le Capitaine and his citizen troopers and those whose servants we are, we thank you for your hospitality; at the same time it is well that you should know you are liable to arrest, and your property to confiscation, for your previous harboring of enemies of the Revolution."

"No, no, monsieur," whimpered the farmer's wife.

"It is death to give succor to the enemies of France; and that you have done," continued Laroche, as he thrust his pistols into the holsters by his cumbersome saddle.

"I am ready to suffer," said the old man, looking steadily at Laroche, "if it is a crime to succor the unfortunate."

The servant-man, who had been in the family of the farmer's

master, Monsieur Bertin, stood forward, silently subscribing to the farmer's loyal sentiment.

"Moreover, it is my duty to stand by the noblesse; they have stood by me and mine."

"Then you are exceptions," said Laroche, "and they have not stood by France—not as you mean by standing by."

"We waste time, Citizen Laroche," said the officer of the troop.

"Very well; give the word, then."

"Attention!" said the officer. "Right wheel; forward!"

"You will follow the advance guard," said Laroche to de Fournier and his wife. "You shall have a reasonable distance for conversation; we are not jailers."

De Fournier thanked Laroche, and taking the bridle of Mathilde's horse, led her through the cottage gate into the path which by and by joined the high-road to St. Germain.

It was a monotonous ride to Paris. No incident on the way occurred to make it memorable. Joseph had found St. Germain more or less in the hands of the new authorities. He had been unable to approach Monsieur Bertin's house until

midnight. Then he climbed the park wall on its less frequented side and made his way into the butler's room, where it was understood in case of need he would find an unbarred door. He learned that the house was in possession of a company of Municipal Guards from Paris. Their chief officer had only that day informed madame that if Monsieur Bertin did not give himself up within four-and-twenty hours, she and her daughters would be removed to Paris. Mathilde and de Fournier were spared this depressing piece of news.

Their spirits fell as they entered Paris and noted the crowds of strange people, armed and noisy, some marching in motley companies to join the troops at the frontiers, others singing vile songs and brandishing their weapons in a mad, imbecile kind of way. Within the barrier of the Champs Elysées a fresh contingent of troops joined Laroche's civil command. They were needful; for, passing along the Rue St. Honoré, a vast crowd surged against them, groaning and hissing, and shouting hideous threats. The new contingent brought with them new captives. Every conceivable noise seemed to be in the air as they pushed their way along the streets, some of which were still as death. It was in the leading thoroughfares where their course was impeded. In the back streets those who remained in-doors had mostly barricaded their houses. All the shops were closed. An atmosphere of terror was over the city, all the more threatening in its silent streets than where it was most apparent in storm and stress, the wild ferment of pikes and the rolling of insurrectionary drums.

XXIV.

CAPTIVES OF THE COMMUNE: MATHILDE AND DE FOURNIER IN SEPARATE PRISONS.

Time and a restless people have wiped out the architectural landmarks of the French Revolution; but the spectres of that awful past remain.

You may trace the red footsteps of the Terror through street and alley, in park and square, though few of the once familiar surroundings any longer remain. The very names of the historic localities have been changed. The ghosts are there all the same, and in all weathers; in the sunshine, in the rain, when summer winds make gentle ripples on the river, when winter gales blow stiffly about the grim towers of the Palais de Justice, and the snow falls thick upon the adjacent quays and whitens the Tuileries gardens—still the same sad memories cling about the beautiful city.

So long as nations have a history, so long will the story of the agony of Paris touch the universal heart and appeal to the universal imagination.

A word or two by way of historical reminiscence will serve to explain to the general reader the character of the Conciergerie and the singularity of its name. It is an integral part of the Palais de Justice. Originally a fortress, it became a royal palace. Kings, as well as republics, must have prisons. The French monarch who lived at this stately abode on the Seine in the early days preferred a handy one; so he enlarged his palace in that direction. He built a residence for the governor of his house of detention, with its dungeons and its instruments of torture, and they called him the "concierger" of the palace; his special department therefore came to be known as the Conciergerie; hence the name of the historic prison to this day; and in the present economy of domestic life in Paris the "concierger" of our day may be said to inherit the autocratic instincts of his more distinguished though less genial predecessor on the banks of the Seine.

Prior to the Revolution the Conciergerie had a history which for misery and bloodshed it would have taxed human invention to rival. During the feuds of the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons the "cabochiens" broke into the jail and killed every prisoner, man and woman. They strewed the palace yard with corpses, among them the Count d'Armagnac, Constable of France, six bishops, and several members of the Paris Parliament. The place was nearly burned down in 1776, but a few years later it was restored, in time for a revival of its evil reputation.

There it stands to this day, with its two pointed towers, and all its romantic and ghastly memories, on the banks of the Seine, which during the Terror ran with blood, conveyed in a gully constructed from the guillotine's first establishment in the Place de Grève. If it is difficult in these brighter days, standing by the gayly-freighted river, to realize the coming and going of prisoners condemned ere they were tried, one daily procession of fair women and noble men, on their way to death, you may enter the awful gates that now swing to and fro for the admission of the curious. You may see the cells and rooms, the stone dungeons that were packed with prisoners of every class and grade. With an ordinary effort of imagination you may hear the ribald shouts of frenzied men, the sighs of insulted womanhood, the defiant songs of

reckless soldiers, and you may smell the stench of it; all too terrible for words to describe.

Here, one sad day toward the latter end of August, 1789, came de Fournier, in the custody of Laroche and an escort of gendarmes.

Other prisoners arrived at the same time. Two of them were royalists of distinction, who had in their day been pre-eminent among the most illustrious of Frenchmen.

De Fournier, in his comparatively humble clothes, attracted no particular attention from the crowd that had gathered around the approaches to the Palais de Justice. Through its guarded gates and beyond its grim court-yard the Conciergerie was hidden.

The majority of the crowd were women. They screamed and yelled and hissed the two royalist prisoners, whose nobility of demeanor and at the same time quiet submissiveness to a cruel destiny might have awed ordinary mortals into silent respect.

But these were not ordinary mortals. They were travesties of womanhood; sexless fiends in human shape. They were creatures of the night, who, on the tenth of August, had dabbled their hands in the blood of the king's guards in the Tuileries gardens; dabbled in it and drunk it round the insurgent fires, in which the flesh of heroic soldiers and stricken aristocrats had been flung with the wreck of royal apartments. They had assisted to parade bleeding heads on fearsome pikes. They had played the part of priestesses at obscene feasts, and taken awful oaths at devilish assemblies. Already their shadows were falling upon the immediate future of the Conciergerie, when de Fournier and his fellow-victims attracted their attention.

It was only for a few minutes that the prisoners created a slight diversion from the business of the morning, which was to salute the procession of death on its way to the guillotine. The tumbrils were already drawn up outside the gates. Presently they would enter, and return with pale passengers, many of whom would suffer their bitterest moments in the execrations of the mob.

It was not until his escort had been increased by a fresh contingent of men on entering Paris that Laroche had informed de Fournier of their different destinations, his wife to be delivered into the custody of the governor of the Temple, he to the Conciergerie.

Mathilde had behaved with womanly fortitude. It was de Fournier who broke down with grief and passion. Then a sullen despair took possession of him, with a bitter underlying current of longing for a great revenge. He was right in thinking that they owed their separation to Grébaud, and every conceivable indignity that his imagination could invent seemed possible from his rival, who hated him by reason of their blood relationship, and who would hate him the more that his own action had hurried on the marriage it was his chief desire to prevent.

Whoever might have originated the trite saying, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"—a far more truthful indication of intense hostility than the more correct lines, "When Greek meets Greek, then was the tug of war"—the spirit of it is as old as rebellion, civil war, and family quarrels. In the French Revolution the bitterest and most uncompromising conflicts were those of French against French. The story of the time is one hourly illustration of the malignity of hostile factions and competing committees, each annihilating the other with a far more bloody malice than Frenchmen showed when they met their foreign foes.

The dullest imagination could conceive the animosity with which Grébaud and de Fournier might assail each other should opportunity offer; and one follows their brief history in the great tragedy of Paris with a keen hope that Fate may still have in store such a change of destiny for the new prisoner of the Conciergerie as shall place him free and face to face with his powerful enemy.

Grébaud was one of those persistent lovers, so called, who, failing a legitimate direction to his ardent desires, is willing to brave every obstacle of custom, law, morality, religion, or hatred of the woman he affects to worship, in order to encompass his ends; and who makes possession alike an object of a base pride and a sour vengeance. The sea-stories of skippers who steal their unwilling brides and go down with them to the depths in their phantom ships have no more tragic impulse than Grébaud could develop out of what once might have been a reasonable instinct of love. Experience of the atrocities of the prisons within the short time between July and the September we are approaching had steeled his heart against all the finer emotions that might have had a place there. When Grébaud learned that Mathilde had escaped him through the church at St. Germain, whatever sentiment of a holy passion might at one time have touched his heart, however faintly, dried up; and there remained only the wormwood of disappointment, the gall of lust, and the desire of vengeance.

The prison was full to overflowing when de Fournier arrived there. Almost every day new victims had fallen before the Revolutionary tribunal; but the work went on too slowly for the municipal authorities, who were now in full power. The Commune had overawed the National Assembly. Grébaud in the Chamber had supported the municipality when it came to the bar. He joined in the cry of "Vive la Commune!" when the galleries applauded Tallien's defiant answer to the Girondist chief, Vergniaud. De Fournier, therefore, arrived at the Conciergerie at a most dangerous moment, though Grébaud's chief interest was in Mathilde.

It was, however, by a stroke of good fortune that de Fournier was flung into a cell with fourteen others, among whom was Monsieur de la Galetierre, his comrade in the retreat to St. Germain. The citizen Galetierre informed him that he had been at first placed in a dungeon with two murderers for companions. By the virtue of some gold-pieces, and the interposition of a friendly municipal, he had been transferred the next day to his present quarters.

"And what is more to the purpose," he said, "I was in time, as you are, to participate in a scheme of escape that promises success."

"Escape!" said de Fournier, "with the secret among so many?"

"Yes. When you arrived the fear was that you might be a spy thrown in among us. Did you not notice the smile of relief that went round when I knew you and we embraced?"

"I did not notice it," said the new prisoner; "my faculties are numbed. I am broken, dear friend; broken!"

"You shall be set up again; we are rich in this cell, dear comrade. Six of us have money enough to provide decent food and moderately good wine. We keep up our spirits, and shall revive yours. My wife is not far away; I hope to join her very soon. Ah, my dear Henri, if you had a wife you might be excused for moping."

"Alas! I have a wife; it is of her I am thinking, not of myself," said de Fournier; and then the two sat down upon a bench beneath a window looking upon a small open space that was only separated from the Seine by a low wall, and de Fournier related to him all that had happened since they had parted.

Monsieur de la Galetierre understood and appreciated his friend's fears for Mathilde, but fired him with a new hope. The window above them was not far from the ground. It was protected by iron bars, two of which had already been sawn through, and could be easily removed. Two others would undergo similar operations at night; and within two or three days the course would be free. The room in which they were confined was a makeshift prison, and once outside the window, there would be no difficulty in escaping. There were few precautions against escape. At first they had a terrible outer guard to fear. Two dogs were the sentinels. The concierge relieved his officers at night by trained hounds, mongrel-bred beasts, half mastiff, half bloodhound, that were let loose in the court-yard. Two of the brutes were posted in the small open space beneath the window through which the fourteen men had resolved to climb. Their leader, a man of athletic strength and a curious and varied knowledge, had tamed the slobbering four-footed guardians of the night. For days such pieces of meat as could be spared were accumulated for the dog-tamer, who exercised other powers over the animals. On two special occasions he had obtained access to them. It was not very difficult to get into the court-yard, but no prisoner ever cared to run the risk of being torn to pieces. The prisoners called their leader Daniel, and no lions' den could have been more dangerous than the court-yard of the Conciergerie after dark. But Daniel went boldly into the midst of the brutes. He not only pampered their appetites, but he had a knack of seizing a dog by its fore paw, and by pressing a certain nerve between the first and second claws, had the animal at his mercy. It seemed as if the influence spread from one to the other. A paw in Daniel's hand, the dog would howl and seize the hand as if it would gnaw it, but it ended in nothing worse than a rough fondling, and Daniel was the dog's master. And so, Monsieur de la Galetierre explained, the road was clear when the window bars should be removed. He further informed de Fournier that all sorts of people were permitted to enter the prison—tavern waiters, venders of various wares, money-changers, and others. In the daytime the court-yard was a rendezvous for friends of the prisoners who were not afraid to exhibit an interest in them—which, however, now and then led to their arrest. Benches were placed alongside the grated barrier, and here, all day long, communication with the outer world was maintained, mostly by friendly intercourse, often, however, through malcontents who reviled the prisoners and bade them prepare to embrace *la belle guillotine*.

As a conclusion to these particulars, Monsieur

de la Galetierre, laying his hand affectionately on de Fournier's shoulder, exclaimed: "And you come just in time to participate in our scheme!"

"And to perish if it fails," he replied.

"In that case we shall only anticipate our end by a day or two. The work of destruction has begun in terrible earnest. Every day the procession to the knife is recruited from the Conciergerie. We were twenty in this narrow room when I was brought into it. With you we are now fifteen."

Further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of supper, which was spread on a long, rickety table, and paid for by the "treasurer," as an aged viscount was called. In these early days of the Revolutionary tribunal and the reign of the demon Fouquier-Tinville, the regimen was less severe than it was later, though a more rigid discipline followed. At first, while only too often political prisoners were mixed with ordinary malefactors, there was the alleviation of mutual help. The rich were allowed to feed the poor. While the Commune denounced the noblesse for every crime under the sun, they committed the poor in most of the prisons to the tender mercies of the rich, and established within their houses of detention an almost model republic—for here all classes were thrown together. Companions in misfortune, they became also friends in their adversity. Men and women of the upper classes fell in with the haphazard economy of the prisons, and adapted themselves to their grewsome surroundings with a grace and fortitude that commanded the respect of their humbler companions, and won even the esteem of many of their bloodthirsty jailers.

The night that followed was a terrible one for de Fournier. He believed that he had not slept a wink, but he had dozed off frequently, his brain active and alive all the time with every kind of distressful invention, in which Mathilde needed the help and protection he could not give her, and always with Grébaud mocking him and loading Mathilde with compliments worse than death, and her mother urging her to accept the protection which Grébaud offered her. Worse fancies and more awful possibilities than even these took hold of his imagination, and from groans and sighs brought him at last upon his knees in prayer; and when his friend awoke, with a streak of blurred sunlight coming through the bars of the window that now only held together by a remnant of unfiled iron, de Fournier was asleep, his head between his hands, his knees still bent upon the floor.

"God has been good to him," said de la Galetierre. "For the present his troubles are over; if he were dead they would be ended altogether. And yet, what a terrible thing it is, the thought of going to sleep never to wake again!"

(To be continued.)

Dr. Talmage in Washington.

THE introduction of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage to Washington will furnish a novelty to the religious world of that city. There is no sensational preacher in Washington, and none who has the qualities of a popular speaker. The nearest approach to pulpit sensationalism known there was furnished some years ago by the "Blind Chaplain" of the House (now chaplain of the Senate), Dr. W. H. Milburn. Dr. Milburn kept in touch with public affairs, and one time, when the House was in a legislative dead-lock, he prayed so fervently, from the speaker's desk, for the men who were obstructing public business that they raised a protest. Dr. Milburn was warned that he must not direct his appeals too particularly to public affairs. Since that time his praying has been tame and comparatively uninteresting to the galleries. Dr. Talmage takes a lively interest in all public questions; he knows a great many public men, and he is quite likely to make Congress the subject of some of his sermons during the coming winter. If he does, he will become a more conspicuous figure than he has been in the past.

I asked Dr. Talmage, after his acceptance of the call to Washington, if he intended to take a hand indirectly in public affairs. He said frankly that he did not know—that he had made no plans. He only knew that he was going to Washington to preach because the finger of Providence pointed that way. "There is no cant about me," he said. "It seemed to me that the finger of Providence pointed to Washington, and I accepted the call."

Dr. Talmage's home in the city of his recent adoption is in one of a group of famous dwellings now part of the Arlington Hotel. In one of these dwellings—the Senator Pomeroy House—the late Secretary Gresham lived. The Sumner house, which stands at the corner of Vermont Avenue and H Street, in which Dr. Talmage and his daughters will have a suite of rooms, has been the temporary home of many distinguished people. Though it is a part of the

hotel, it has its individual entrance, and it can be made as private as a detached dwelling. The Princess Eulalia and her suite had this building for a brief space of time. It was the home of the new Chinese minister and his personal and official families when he was selecting a legation building. President Cleveland, President Harrison, and several of their predecessors have occupied apartments in the building just prior to their inaugurations, and Senator Frank Hiscock, of New York, occupied the first floor during the whole of his term as Senator, and paid for it more than his official salary.

Though Dr. Talmage has no specific plans for preaching, he told me that his mission in general was to preach sympathy and helpfulness. He said that he believed every one needed sympathy—Congressmen and Senators as well as clerks and millionaires. "There are plenty of kicks and cuffs for public men," he said, "but very little appreciation of the good things they do. No man is appreciated till he dies, and unfortunately he cannot arise and read the good things they put on his tombstone." Pastoral duties in Washington will not cause the withdrawal of Dr. Talmage from his active literary work. On the contrary, he will devote more of his time and thought to the great religious weekly, the *Christian Herald*.

Dr. Talmage believes that women are peculiarly in need of sympathy; and discussing their needs, he said: "I have heard so many people repeat what Jesus said to Martha, in an impatient, reproving tone. Christ never spoke that way to Martha. He spoke to her with an infinite tenderness when he said: 'Martha, Martha; thou art troubled about many things.' Christ knew that Martha was in the kitchen preparing supper, not because she liked to be there, but because she knew that he was hungry. Like Martha, the housekeepers of to-day are troubled about many things. But no one speaks to them tenderly and sympathetically. That is one reason our insane-asylums are so full of women, and especially of women from country homes."

Dr. Talmage was to have been a lawyer. He says he put aside the romances of life when he gave up the Bar and entered the ministry. He spoiled a good lawyer to make a highly successful preacher. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Curiosities in Literature.

It would add immensely to the gayety of the world at large if there could be established a magazine devoted entirely to the publication of manuscripts exactly as they are written by aspirants for literary fame and glory. The number of such aspirants is legion. Hundreds of them are not lacking in education and intelligence, but when they try to express themselves on paper the result is some of the most wildly ludicrous literary compositions of modern times. Some of these compositions are far more humorous than the best endeavors of our cleverest funny men. The most exalted heights of the ridiculous are reached when some of these ambitious writers stray into the realm of poetry. They leave behind them all sense of humor, or the absurdity of their compositions would be apparent to them. One of these astonishing metrical compositions lately came to my notice. The writing and the spelling were above reproach, but this was not true of the author's literary style. The composition was entitled "An Ode to Death," and it began with these lines:

"How cold is he! How icy cold,
As makes us shiver shakes untold."

Another writer, who confessed that she had "just discovered that she was a poet," submitted the following lines in proof of the genuineness of her discovery:

"I looked about me on a wintry day,
When the flowers and birds had gone away,
And I said to my heart that for summer cried,
Be still, sad heart, old summer hath died.
And my heart cried out in grief and pain,
Oh, when will he return back again?"

Alas!
The flowers and grass
That from earth do pass
Return no more!
Alas!"

An ambitious young novelist says of her heroine: "She had a cherry mouth full of pearly teeth and dark-brown eyes," and when she gets into a most thrilling and perilous position we are told that "her lips quivered, her cheeks grew pale, her breath came in short pants!" Another writer, offering an article on "Industry" to an editor, says:

"Industry void of economy is absolute nihilism, and vice versa," while the author of an ambitious attempt at novel-writing says of one of the gentlemen who figure prominently in the novel: "Although not a man of unusual or striking personality in his general appearance, he had been twice married and was the father of ten beautiful children."

"The enclosed story is of my own composition," writes a young lady when sending a bulky

manuscript to an editor, who was not surprised to find in the story such bewildering passages as these: "She rejected his proposal for her hand with queenly disdain, and he sneaked off completely annihilated."

"He was the victim of heredity, many of his ancestors having taken after him in their desire for strong drink, that bitter curse of many an otherwise respectable family."

"They clasped hands and knelt down and had a deeply-religious time."

"The dying duelist looked up into the face of his hated but now triumphant rival who had shot him in a vital locality, and said with a faint smile: 'I forgive thee, Roderick, and may you be happy with Marguerite whom you have won through this fatal shot, and may we all meet above, Rod, old boy.'"

"She glided across the room with the swift, undulating, graceful motion of an ocean steamer gliding over a glassy sea. Her dress was of some soft, white stuff ungarnished by a single trimming, although her bare, white arms and shoulders were loaded with rare specimens of *bric-a-brac* gathered in many a foreign clime."

Another novelist, describing the happiness of a proud mother who hears her son "orate for the first time in public," informs us that "the radiantly happy mother clasped her manly, handsome boy to her heaving breast, and said with streaming eyes and choked utterance: 'Oh, Harold! You done noble!'"

"Her complexion suggested a blending of the lily and the rose on a rare old porcelain platter," writes an author, describing the heroine of her novel; and then we are told that "before the age of eighteen she was left *dissolute* through the death of all of her relatives."



A NEGRO BAPTISM IN KENTUCKY.—Photograph by Mullen, Lexington.

"If this story should prove *unavoidable* for your columns, please return it to me as clean as possible and without finger-marks, which, as you know, are difficult of erasure," wrote the author of a bulky manuscript with a soiled blue ribbon around it. The editor, having washed his hands carefully, examined the manuscript, and was not surprised to find that it began with these words:

"It was deep midnight of a dark and moonless night when a horseman, solitary and alone, rode out on a treeless plain on a jet-black steed which pawed and *nayed* uneasily as it galloped along with arching neck and tossing *main*! The rider was Lord Archibald De Montague, and he was on an evil errand."

This being the cause of his faring forth at "deep midnight," it is gratifying to know that his evil scheme was frustrated, for we are told that "suddenly the noble steed *raved* up and the haughty Lord Archibald plunged forward over the horse's head and lay still in the road with his neck broken, beside other injuries, while the horse galloped away in the darkness, *whinkering* and *braying*!"

The author of a profound article, "Social Science," propounds the following question to his readers:

"Is it not maddening to any man of true feeling to have the priceless silks and satins and sables of the wives of the bond-holders flaunted in his face, and then to see his own wife, perhaps, in a cheap calico *Mother Hubbard*!"

We are also told that the bond-holder "gorges on the skilled product of his French *chef*, while the poor man must be content with, not what his stomach craves, but with what it can get!"

These are fair specimens of some of the results

of the all-prevailing craze for writing, while they illustrate the surprising possibilities of the English language. J. L. HARBOUR.

A Negro Baptism in Kentucky.

If you would see the average Southern negro in his element—in the enjoyment of the highest luxury of sensuous exaltation—take him at a "baptizin'."

Religion in all its rites and demonstrations has always held his impressionable nature in a sort of morbid thrall. He takes his religion as we take our dissipations—with whole-souled abandon; gloating, expanding, reveling—a very debauch of emotion. No genuine "brother in black" is going to stint himself in religious indulgences. A "revival" is a joy unto his soul, a funeral a fascination; but a "baptizin'"!—is it not the Ultima Thule of blissful opportunity?

A "baptizin'" is apt to be the climax—the supreme culmination—of a "protracted meeting," the "jiners" accumulated during its progress constituting the material. The momentous function usually occurs upon a Sunday afternoon, when the "brethren and sistren" "in service" are off duty. A convenient brook or pond is chosen as the scene of operation, and here the colored population swarm. The baptizees, bridling with mournful importance, group themselves last, close to the water's edge, in attitudes variously assumed to express character and degree of spiritual zeal. The men very likely wear rubber coats—a sort of paradoxical arrangement, considering the signifi-

losing their native characteristics, though—might teach this *blasé* age many a wholesome lesson on the beauty of enthusiasm. They live life up to its brim.

DAISY FITZHUGH AYRES.

People Talked About.

—Two fresh bits of gossip about Edison concern his thoughtfulness in burning a thousand letters that had accumulated on his desk during his stenographer's illness, and his discovery of a new use for Confederate currency, which, being made of sea-grass paper, now serves a good end in his laboratory as a basis for the carbon filaments of lamps. More anecdotes, tales of the marvelous, and "good stories" are attributed to the Wizard than to any man since Lincoln, and a compilation of them would make an interesting volume for the next generation. There is hardly any living celebrity so modest as Edison, and the greater the growth of his fame the less is his outward manifestation of it.

—Eugene Field writes so clearly that printers dislike his copy because its very legibility makes them careless. It is a very neat and dainty hand, such as a painstaking school-girl might write, and the ink is usually violet, though it may be of any color that fancy dictates. The poet has said recently that he would rather write drinking-songs and religious allegory than anything else, and as a matter of fact he composes each with equal facility, and turns from one to do the other. Mr. Field is now a few years past forty. He lives in the annexed district of Chicago in a handsome home, and both enjoys greater leisure and suffers less from the pangs of dyspepsia than formerly.

—The Pope is said to take more pleasure in the roses and the grape-vine he cultivates than in all the treasures of the Vatican. His life, indeed, apart from the ceremonies of the church, is as simple and serene as that of any old man of small means, and his diet is simpler. One way in which his age is evident is in the uncertain muscular action of his hands, which necessitates the use of both of them at the same time when he is writing.

—It is fifteen years since W. E. Norris, the novelist and essayist, plunged into literature, and he is now a year under fifty. He is one of the few authors who give only their best work to the world, for, successful financially, he writes when he

pleases, and rarely more than four hours a day. He never works at night. "Why should I," he reasons, "with the whole day my own?" His chief amusement is golf.

—Notwithstanding various pungent paragraphs in the daily press at the expense of the Duke of Marlborough, there appears to be a general disposition to regard him as a frank, well-bred, open-hearted, and unspoiled young Englishman. He is well educated, and inherits a liking for science from his father; he is physically well "set up," and he has exhibited good manners and traits of gentlemanliness not always discoverable in an English aristocrat. The blood of the original Churchill was hot and riotous, but it seems to have been well strained in the present generation.

—David Belasco is credited with the authorship of about one hundred plays, most of which have had successful runs. They have been so remunerative that he is said to be the richest playwright in the United States, though probably Bronson Howard would dispute that assertion. Mr. Belasco is a man of about forty-five, and he has been known to New-Yorkers since 1880. His boyhood was spent on the Pacific coast, and he has been stage-director of several San Francisco theatres.

—Walter Besant has confessed to an interviewer that the happiest moment of his life was when he saw in the *Fall Mall Gazette* a review of his book on early French poetry. This was his first work of consequence, and the total profits were eleven shillings and fourpence; but the praise the reviewer gave it compensated for all financial disappointment. The novelist is now verging on sixty, and is a stout and hearty man with hair and beard that are growing gray.

cance of the rite—and the women's black dresses are weighted with shot. The pastor of the flock, in a water-proof "Mother Hubbard," appears upon the scene with solemn pomposity, while from hundreds of lusty throats goes out the sturdy melody:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stan',
An' cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair an' happy lan'
Where my possessions lie."

The "mourners" rock themselves to and fro in cadence with the music, uttering periodical "amens" and other pious ejaculations. Cautiously, one by one, the presiding brother leads each candidate into mid-stream, the candidate as likely as not growing hysterical in the frenzy of excitement, and gesticulating and uttering peans or lamentations. Not infrequently excess of emotion will suddenly culminate in catalepsy, the subject, with arms extended, becoming rigid and unconscious in the minister's embrace. In such emergencies a ministerial assistant is generally provided. A continuous singing is kept up on the banks, making the country-side rich with mellow echoes, a verse interpolated at the beginning and end of each immersion. Negroes are apt to have good voices, and their hymns are inexhaustible in their equipment of verses.

"Sister 'Liza Simpson, I baptize you," etc., and the song goes up from the water's edge:

"My good Lawd done been here, done been here,
done been here,
My good Lawd done been here, an' he blessed my
soul an' gone!"

The scene is weird and picturesque enough, and not without its poetry and its dignity.

This innocent, untutored folk—who are fast



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BLIMHEIM, THE ANCESTRAL SEAT OF THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY.
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THE MARLBOROUGH-VANDERBILT WEDDING AT ST. THOMAS CH

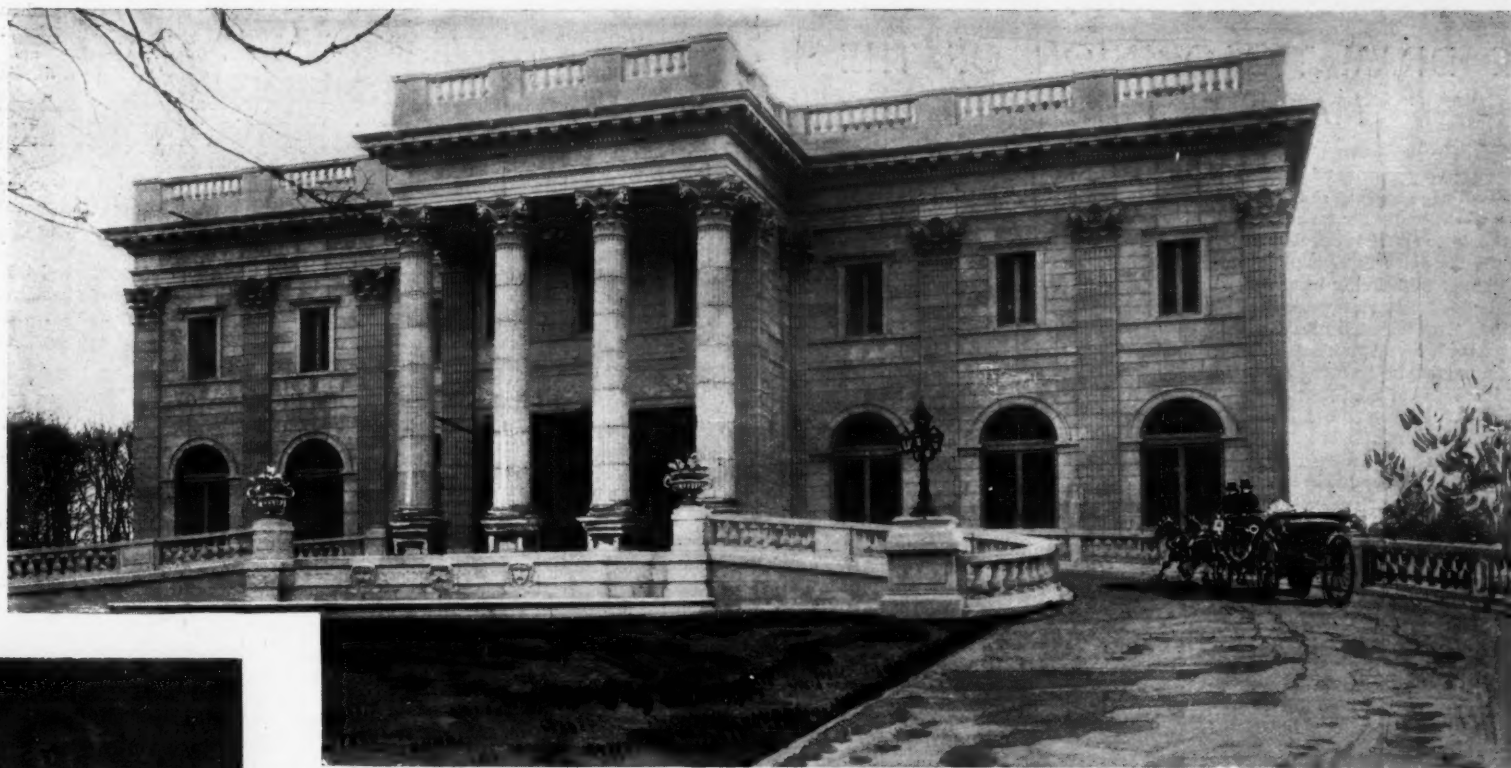
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ST. THOMAS CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th.

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THE DRAMATIC OPINION OF THE MATINÉE GIRL.

SHE is frequently very young and oftentimes frivolous—the matinee girl—but she has some characteristics which make her an important personage to the astute and thoughtful manager as he fingers the box-office receipts; her leaning to fads, stubborn faith in her own illogical opinions, and fidelity to her preferences.

The matinee girl is legion, hydra-headed. You find her a school-girl, all gush and ideality; a society girl, who after a few seasons talks in a semi-disillusioned way of life; the girl of the professional strata who snatches a Saturday afternoon from her work or study; the young married woman, who may give a futile sigh over the imperfections of her husband as compared with "him" on whom the limelight shimmers. She is a powerful theatre patron worth cultivation. Her opinion is a golden one.

To do her full justice, she is content only with the best. No man who is only handsome, or only a *poseur* in ultra-fashionable clothes, deludes her into worship for very long. He must touch and thrill her, make her feel the reality of his art, make her eyes grow moist or win her laughter, before he gets the hearty applause of her suede-covered hands.

Three actors now appearing in New York in very successful plays hold the matinee girl in leading strings: John Drew, who wears a bandage around his head in "Christopher, Jr.," which she "comes miles to see"; Sothorn in his new departure into the realms of pure romance in "The Prisoner of Zenda"; Joseph Holland as the society sneak-thief in "A Social Highwayman."

John Drew has been a favorite with her since the early Daly days when he flung pillows at Miss Rehan, or rumbled his hair in comic despair, and as *Petruchio* he leaped into a place in her regard from which he has never been dethroned. In the matter of clothes he is absolutely correct, and can't be outtrived by the most exquisite example of the tailor's art to be found sauntering at noon along the sunny side of Fifth Avenue on a winter morning. Never was hair more geometrically parted in the middle than his, nor boutonnieres more nicely selected. As an example of the importance of just such trifles in the estimation of young women, I remember



JOHN DREW.

what a sensation he created in "The Bauble Shop" when, for consistent, artistic reasons he parted his hair on the side. I don't think a single matinee girl spoke of the excellence of this play nor John Drew's fine rendering of the part of the M. P. without, "By the way, he looked quite unlike himself with his hair parted on the side," or something similar to this.

The characteristic points of his style are, an affectation of helplessness in trying positions, a quiet, forceful, half-impertinent manner; more than all, what might be called "the Drew stare," a wide, inquiring gaze at his audience, in which he seems to appeal to every mother's daughter there to help him win the heroine. He wouldn't seem John Drew if in a dilemma he did not plunge his hands in his pockets, banish all expression from his ruminative eyes, bite his under lip, and say, "H'm!"

While evanescent rivalries have flourished for a little hour his vogue has increased, and the theory of "the survival of the fittest" is again realized in him. "Christopher, Jr.," shows him at his best, for his best is undoubtedly in comedy bordering on farce.

Sothorn's popularity with the matinee girl dates from the time he appeared in "The Highest Bidder." Young, good-looking, his speaking voice a gamut of delicate intonations, his face singularly expressive, he was the realized hero of a hundred romances as he mingled com-

edy with pathos from the auctioneer's box; to see him inviting the bids for the old home of the impoverished girl he loved, while in reality, at tremendous self-sacrifice, he was buying it



SOTHERN IN THE "PRISONER OF ZENDA."

himself; to see the "comedy" nervousness, and the next second hear the quaver of real feeling in his voice, was rare and haunting.

He is vividly romantic. He has appeared almost entirely in comedies, but deep veins of troublous feeling and intense pathos have run through them. These have afforded him the subtle changes, the versatility in which he excels; they have also wisely provided him with most romantic environments, and the arrows which have most deeply punctured the matinee girl's heart have been flung from beside a turnstile as in "The Highest Bidder"; from beside a sun-dial while picking a daisy apart, as in "Captain Letterblair"; over the top of a ladder, his eyes saucy under the powdered wig of Sheridan, in the play of that name.

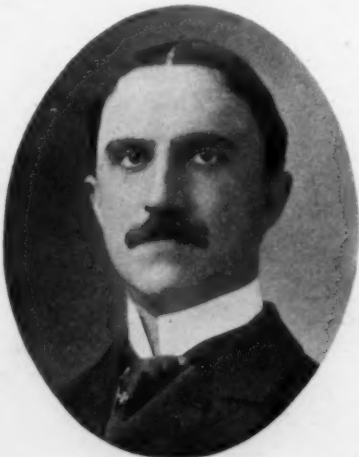
Sometimes, as in "Captain Letterblair" and "The Victoria Cross," he has taken another's blame upon his shoulders and suffered in another's stead. He can show the agony of vicarious guilt by a stoical pallor and dulled eyes, no word being necessary.

"I'll tell you what I like so much about Sothorn," a woman said recently when chatting of things theatrical, over a cup of Pekoe: "I like the way his heart can look out of his eyes. I don't care much for his fun, but when he's supposed to be unhappy and looks at a woman, I forget it's acting and my heart gets a little ache in it for him. You know the lines:

"I like a look of agony,
Because I know it's true;
Men cannot sham convulsion
Nor simulate a throe."

Well, he can."

Joseph Holland has only of late been heard in feminine matineedom. Always deservedly popular with "all sorts and conditions of men"



JOSEPH HOLLAND.

—and women—he has come prominently under the notice of the matinee girl in the character of *Courtice Jaffrey* in "A Social Highwayman."

This hero is one who walks on the velvet of life; his valet is as diplomatic and fertile of resource in his way as a king's prime-minister in his; his cocktail and orange-flowered bath are the serious events of his morning; his existence knows nothing more severe than fine linen, delicate perfumes and pleasure; he is a lily of the field, toiling not nor spinning, and yet arrayed, not "like Solomon in all his glory," but quite as correct as that resplendent Hebrew, according to the manners of the times.

It is easily seen what opportunity is given here for the exhibition of exquisite clothes and a parade of the niceties of fashionable elegance. Joseph Holland bids fair to become a serious rival of John Drew's in this particular. He wears the beautiful clothes in a way to charm the latter-day girl, who understands the subtle differences in men's fashions almost as much as in her own. His figure is superb, his face of the strong yet clear-cut style, and his general effect patrician. He is as well-groomed and carefully dressed in private life, and no trick of manner or slightest idiosyncrasy in style proclaims him an actor.

But there is much more to him—and, to be just, the matinee girl demands more. His methods are earnest and convincing, and always touch the vital note in a scene, whether it be in a chord of pure fun, or echoing with the verities of love and death.

While the matinee girl sensibly, after a test, dethrones false idols and, blessed by Eve's instinct, raises her approving hand only toward the best, let us pray for her continuance in our midst.

KATE JORDAN.

The Tear in the Clouds.

It is called the Tear in the Clouds. It is a little pool in the west branch of the Neversink, near the headwaters of the stream. The brook starts from a spring of crystal far up on the rugged breast of Slide Mountain, the highest eminence in the Catskills. The bed of the brook is covered with white sand, such as is found on the seashore; for at one time, far back in past ages, the mountain formed a portion of the bottom of the sea. Through enormous bowlders, over this shining whiteness, the brook babbles in flashing ripples, eager to reach the great waters. Through the interlacing branches of silver birches and gnarled hemlocks, the sun shoots arrows of golden light upon the sleeping pools and dancing rapids of translucent waters.

For centuries the awful winter winds have wrestled with the gigantic trees of this primeval forest and thrown them crushed and broken across the bed of the brook. But decay has touched the tough bark and sinewy hearts of the giants, and little by little they have rotted away to a dark brown mould. This sediment has floated on the water and has been left by the hurrying brook as a deposit over the white sand, which makes the bed of the stream look as if it were carpeted with beautiful, soft, brown velvet. In some of the ugly moods of nature, big black rocks have been thrown across the current of the stream. Then the floods have come roaring with resistless might and tossed the rocks aside as a strong man tosses a ball. These floods have cut a deep channel in the side of the mountain thirty feet wide and nearly as deep.

In a little hollow scooped out by the falling water, within one mile of the birth-place of the brook, lies the pool called the Tear in the Clouds. The water lingers in this little basin lovingly, as if loath to leave so sylvan a spot. To get into the pool the brook has to jump over an escarpment of rock covered with emerald moss. A gentle October breeze, aromatic with the breath of hemlock and pine, has shaken innumerable golden, crimson, and brown leaves from the trees, which dance like fairy shallows on the bosom of the water. The water laves the feet of a thousand lace-fringed ferns on the marge of the pool. Hark! There is a soft footfall in the shadow of a birch-tree! A twig snaps, and out into the sunlight steps a brown-breasted partridge. This queen of the forest raises her head and listens. Alert as an Indian's is the quick eye. She hears the myriad voices of the wood. The moaning of the pine has no terrors for her, the falling of the tree-branch does not make her start. The various notes in the voice of the brook—the sullen, angry, diapason as it forces its way between two jealous, rocky warders of the mountain fastnesses, and the bell-like, musical tinkle as it splashes over the pebbles, are all familiar tones to this shy Cinderella of the wood. She steps down to the pool, dainty as a fairy princess, dips up a few drops of water, and, raising her head, permits the drops to cool her regal throat. In the shadow of a great rock lies a rainbow-colored trout. He is the Selkirk of the pool. The bright sun and the cool water have painted him with kaleidoscopic spots. The brook has brought

him a dainty tid-bit from Nature's larder. It is a white grub which has fattened on the fibre of a decaying hemlock. A careless, roistering grasshopper, underestimating his vaulting powers, has been caught by a dancing ripple. There is a flash in the air as of a gleaming silver knife, a tail-flirt, a few water-diamonds flash briefly in the sunlight, and the grasshopper has joined the grub.

So still is the pool, and yet trumpet-tongued in suggestions of color and of music to the poet! He lies on the mossy bank and sees occult mysteries in its shadows, perennial beauties in its shining reaches, and is serenaded into the land of dreams by the music of its babbling.

ERNEST JARROLD.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

THE wildest enthusiasm prevails at West Point over foot-ball, and the army all over the country has its eye upon the cadet team, which this season is making such an enviable record. The game, which was introduced some six years ago, has evidently come to stay, and with good coaching and a continuance of the right spirit, and the pick of an eleven from several hundred picked men, it is the hope, the ambition, of every West-Pointer to place in the field at some time a team equal to the emergency of defeating the big college teams, notably Yale, Harvard, and Princeton.

The conditions for foot-ball are certainly ideal. The gridiron is marked out upon the parade-ground which goes to make up the bluff, or the plateau if you will, of West Point. Questions of training do not enter to harass the coach, because training is a regulation embraced in the daily life of the cadet throughout the year.

The game is not compulsory, like at college, upon any one who is, in such an instance, unfortunate enough to possess a fine athletic build. Thus it is safe to say that he who plays, plays because of love of the game, the sport to be had, and the recreation from class-room work and "digging" in the study. At West Point only the amateur plays, which fact is certainly unique in these days.

If experience counts for aught, if a level head, a smooth tongue, and the possession of the personality, that magnetism which binds others to one's will; if, indeed, application and ambition enter at all into the make-up of the coach of a foot-ball team, then Harmon Graves ranks even up with any coach of the present day. With honors gained in athletics and in the class-room as well, Graves, as a Trinity College graduate of 1892, entered Yale in the law department, and while it was said at the time that he had gone to Yale on account of athletics, and Yale in consequence came in for the usual amount of criticism, he went there to begin the study of his chosen profession. No better proof could be had that Graves's first object was his studies, no better plea for the foot-ball men, who, many believe, never study, could be necessary than the fact that Graves won the Townsend prize of one hundred dollars, at his graduation, for the best oration publicly delivered on commencement day.

In the fall of 1892 Graves played on the Yale team, and scored between ninety and one hundred points of the four hundred and thirty-five made during the season. He played at half-back, and was strong in his running—all styles; while as a kicker he was easily the best of all. In 1893 the undergraduate rule sprang into existence, and Graves was one of the first to support it, in the interests of purer intercollegiate athletics, even though such a rule debarred him from becoming a candidate for Frank Hinkey's 1893 team. About this time a call came from Lehigh for a coach, and Graves accepted. His success was pronounced from the very start, and the Bethlehem men that year scored in closely-contested games upon Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania, and wound up the season with a record which Lehigh teams, past and present, have failed to approach. On November 7th Graves returned to New Haven when the undergraduate rule had been so changed that he could play with the Yale team under the letter of the rule. Recognizing, however, the *spirit* of the rule, which was quite a different matter, he refused to even appear at the field as a candidate. In consequence of this action he was flooded with a veritable shower of nice and complimentary remarks from the coaches and prominent New York alumni. It



HARMON GRAVES.

was generally recognized by the members and coaches after the disastrous Harvard game that Graves's presence on the field would have turned defeat into victory.

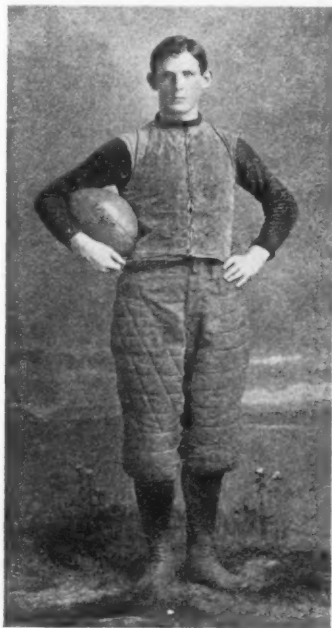
During the season of 1894, having been graduated in that year from Yale, Graves began the good work at West Point which he is continuing so successfully at the present time. The 1894 West Point team was admittedly the strongest team the cadets had ever turned out, as will be seen from a glance at the following record:

West Point vs. Amherst.....	18-0
West Point vs. Brown.....	0-10
(King and Stacy did not play.)	
West Point vs. Massachusetts Technical.....	42-0
(This team defeated Brown a week later.)	
West Point vs. Yale.....	5-12
West Point vs. Union.....	30-0

Mr. Graves coaches the Yale system—pure and simple, and is a warm advocate of the kicking game. Illustrated lectures of all plays, to the entire foot-ball squad and many of the more enthusiastic officers, are a feature of his work.

Last year he received twenty offers to coach, which rather goes to show the demand, indirectly, for foot-ball instructors and the want in particular of a first-class man.

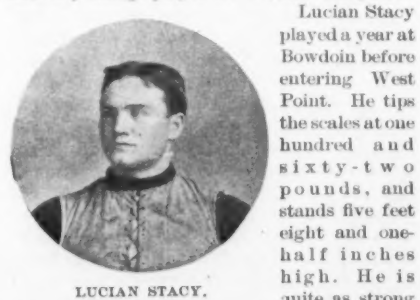
Mr. Graves openly expresses opposition to the custom of Yale men coaching other college teams, and declares that he will in future, as he has this year, live up to what he preaches. With West Point, he believes, it is different, and he will probably go there just so long as they want him.



EDWARD L. KING.

The stars of the best team West Point has ever had—which is saying much, considering last year's—are: King, captain and full-back; Stacy, right half-back; Nolan, left end; Lott, left tackle, and Barry and Williams guards.

Captain King is an adjunct of cadets, which implies an officer of much merit. As a foot-ball player he is no less fine. He is a most versatile player, being equally at home at quarter and full-back. Standing six feet in his stockings, and possessing some one hundred and seventy-five pounds of, for the most part, bone and muscle, he commands the expert's attention at once. The expert's admiration is excited when King, on a signal for a punt, gets the ball down the field some sixty yards. A kick half the length of the field is to Mr. King a mere bagatelle. King is as good, if not a better, drop-kicker than any college player in the ranks this year.



LUCIAN STACY.

Lucian Stacy played a year at Bowdoin before entering West Point. He tips the scales at one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and stands five feet eight and one-half inches high. He is quite as strong as he is beautifully put together. Mr. Graves thinks Stacy is as good as they make them, being a magnificent ground gainer and a reliable defense man. His running is similar to McClung's, which, by its very lightning zig-zag movements, won many yards for Yale.

Dennis E. Nolan reminds one of an hour of the great Hinky at his best. He is a one-hundred-and-sixty-five pounder, and five feet, ten inches high. He gets down the field fast, and makes all his tackles sure and hard. Nolan, as well as King and Stacy, would make any college team in the country.

Lott at left tackle combines strength with the

head of a general. He will be one some day if excellence in foot-ball, so far as ripe judgment, head, and tact are concerned, is a criterion of what he is in his professional walks. He lacks two inches of the six-foot mark, and weighs one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Having played for the past three years against the best men in the country, he knows the position like a book on mathematics. Lott is all bone and muscle.

W.T. Bull.

The Marlborough-Vanderbilt Marriage.

At the present writing all the details have been satisfactorily arranged for the most imposing Anglo-American marriage since the Declaration of Independence. Unless something totally unforeseen and calamitous occurs to prevent it, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the pretty little daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, Esq., will become the wife of a certain very comely and presentable youth, the descendant of a great English general and statesman, and at the same moment that she becomes his wife will become, also, an English duchess—about as exalted a rank as any American girl may expect to attain in these days.

To the Duke of Marlborough, who is from all accounts—there are a few of us, you know, who do not enjoy the honor of his personal acquaintance—a most modest, decorous, and deserving young fellow, the old saying, "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth,"—meant to indicate a certain inevitable prosperity incidental to one's entrance into the world—does not apply. This young man was not born with "a silver spoon" in his mouth. There were truffles and canvas-back ducks and pearls and gold pellets in it. He was born, I think, as a lesson to the world: as a lesson to teach us that some scions of the human race are set before us to convince the great majority of their comparative evil fortune. It may be said to the youth's credit, however, that he wears his rank and his honors well. His bearing, since his arrival on these shores, has been that of an unassuming individual who, while quite indisposed to belittle his luck in the great game of life, has preserved a demeanor at once unobtrusive and circumspect, graceful and self-repressive. An analysis of his one sentiment since his landing in New York might be summed down into the one prayerful behest, "Let me alone." Compliance with this perfectly reasonable and legitimate prayer, however, would accord but poorly with the established rules of our great and only and omnipotent American daily press. Marlborough's supplication has been quite unheeded. The daily newspapers have steadfastly declined to let him alone. The boy's life has been made a burden. He has been pilloried, caricatured, and made ridiculous in every possible manner. If he were not to be ultimately rewarded by the possession of a most sweet and adorable girl—such a girl, one may say, as might imbue any man with the determination to brave the world and the flesh and the very devil himself in the pursuit of her—this young scion of British nobility might have been freely pardoned a score of times within the past month for wishing himself dead.

The newspapers have given us, with more or less accuracy, the details of the entire arrangement. They have rated the bride's marriage portion at ten million dollars—quite a respectable sum, by the way—and have ushered us into the delightful mysteries of her trousseau. In one entertaining publication we find a life-size illustration of the bridal corset (gold-clasped, we are told), and in another an itemized and tabulated statement with regard to *lingerie* in general. It is comforting to know that the latter is altogether in pink and blue. If it were in yellow it might suggest settlements. That, however, is not the point. The chief one is that of gratitude to the daily press, that, in its enterprise and its wisdom, has supplied a thirsty public with every feature, down to the minutest detail, of an international alliance that will be talked of alike in boudoirs and bed-rooms and barracks for many a decade to come.

It is worth while to observe, apropos of the concerted wail of indignation and anguish that soars to the high heavens on every occasion that a rich American girl weds a foreigner of title, that the international grief, in a case like the present one, is, to say the least, fairly well balanced. The general trend of the argument is: "Lucky duke! marrying all those millions. Leaving aside all question of the girl, which question in itself is sufficient to make her successful suitor thank his God for the day he was born, ought he not to bless the day that brought him to America, and to all this good fortune?" Of course he ought, and probably does, if he has any reasoning powers—and the records indicate that he has—yet, while the simple fact of

his good fortune is quite incontestable, it is worth while hinting to the people who are prating of the loss that American masculinity sustains in the flinging from it of this great matrimonial prize by an Englishman, that that loss is a mere silly fiddle on the golf-links of life compared to the utter woe and desolation that sweeps through the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland when a marriageable British duke goes abroad for a wife. Marriageable dukes are scarce in England. Male heirs to dukedoms are watched from their cradles up. As they approach man's estate they are longed for, schemed for, prayed for. It would not be any exaggeration to state that there are in England at this minute not less than five thousand millionaire middle-class men and women, not all of them as rich as the Vanderbilts, possibly, but rich enough to roof Blenheim Palace many times over (which, after all, is the main consideration), who would be willing to lay their entire fortunes, not to mention their eternal welfare, at the feet of this fortunate boy if he were to merely suggest the possibility of his taking one of their daughters to wife. Aristocratic families are similarly affected. It is safe to say that the young duke who, it is worth while to remind you, has earned in the past the respect alike of peers and people by his chivalrous and dutiful attitude to his mother, and his gallant conduct toward his amiable American step-mamma, formerly Mrs. Hammersly, might have had the pick of all the girls in England if he had so chosen. Consequently, if he is disappointing the young men of this country in carrying off so rich a prize, Miss Vanderbilt is achieving an infinitely greater triumph in capturing a husband that any eligible girl in England would give her ears to possess.



QUEEN ANGELINE SUQUAMISH.

The details of next week's ceremony, and the feasting and festivity that are to follow it, need not be gone into. They have been threshed threadbare weeks ago. We have learned it all, even to the thousand specially-imported live English cock-sparrows that are to be killed and served up as quail at the wedding breakfast. The service at St. Thomas's, that most fashionable of fashionable Fifth Avenue churches, conducted by Bishop Potter and the Reverend Wesley Brown, will be very impressive and very beautiful. It is tolerably certain that neither of these reverend gentlemen will be so indiscreet as to refer to riches and camels and eyes of needles and that sort of thing. Both are too amiable and well-bred to be guilty of any such exhibition of bad taste.

One can hardly too strongly admire the fine diplomacy that governs the management of the affair from a domestic standpoint. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt will escort his daughter from her mother's mansion at Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue, to the church, but will not attend the breakfast that will follow at

the former place. Thus the guests will be saved the ordeal of having their nerves set on edge by witnessing a meeting between two people who have politely agreed to disagree; a meeting that, were it to take place, would only cause embarrassment to every one concerned. The feeling on all sides is, from all accounts, most amicable. Mr. Vanderbilt, it is said, will visit his daughter very soon at historic Blenheim, where she will entertain him in the manner that a duchess should. Whether the Duchess of Manchester will be also numbered among the guests is a matter only of surmise or guess-work.

When all is said and done, the young duke is a lucky man, not by reason of fame or fortune or rank, but by virtue of the charming girl he has been so fortunate as to win for a bride. And the pretty little duchess-to-be? Well, let us forget all the fuss and the flummery, the tattling of busy-bodies, and the endless drivel of the newspapers, and hope that, quite aside from the tremendous dignity of her position, she will be as happy with her handsome boy-husband as she deserves to be.

The Gould-Castellane wedding, of precious memory, was, in the eyes of the fashionable world, a veritable staggerer. The one of next week will be remembered for years to come.

HAROLD R. VYNNE.

An Indian Queen.

It is not often that a resident of an American city can meet a real queen, but the people in Seattle can not only meet a queen every day, but they can speak to her if they so desire, providing they are able to talk Chinook. Queen Angeline, the subject of the illustration, is a familiar figure on the streets of Seattle. She is the only surviving daughter of Chief Seattle, the beloved Indian for whom this Washington metropolis was named. The chief died nearly twenty-five years ago. A long time ago, when local Indian wars were raging, he showed himself the true friend of the pioneer settler, and for that reason the old settlers told Angeline in great veneration. Her Indian name is Kick-issom-lo. She is about eighty-four years old, and has lived to see her proud tribe—the Duwamish—dwindle to a mere handful of wandering Siwash. Queen Angeline lives in a section of

Seattle close to the waters of Puget Sound, called "Shantytown." The old settlers have many times entreated her to allow them to provide her with a more comfortable home, but she declines thankfully, and will remain in her homely little palace to the end of her days.

The President at Atlanta.

THE visit of President Cleveland and members of his Cabinet to the Atlanta exposition was an event of great interest to the people of Georgia and near-by States. The President was welcomed with great cordiality, and there was an imposing and picturesque military parade, but there was comparatively little enthusiasm. Evidently the President is not specially popular with the Southern masses. His speech on the occasion was wholly without significance. He deprecated sectionalism, and urged the cultivation of the spirit of brotherhood, but there was not a thought or suggestion as to any topic of real concern, and the general feeling as to the address was one of disappointment.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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A CHICAGO PHASE OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE "NEW WOMAN"—A FEMALE BARBER-SHOP.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



MISS THOMPSON, OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, CHRISTENING THE GUNBOAT "NASHVILLE."

Chicago's Woman in Business.

THE prominent part taken by women in the everyday business life of Chicago is one of the most noticeable features of that hustling city, and one which marks the Western character of its life. Although the census shows the men to be in the majority by some twenty thousand, the women seem so plentiful in the business houses that one wonders if they lock up their houses or leave them in charge of the (man?) servant during the day. Not alone as typewriters, cashiers, and clerks, in which positions they are omnipresent, but quite numerous as barbers, doctors, dentists, lawyer sand business women generally. Even the editorial "sanctum," as it used to be called, has been invaded by the skirts, and the women have come to stay, while the ancient editor with black shirt sleeves and brier-wood pipe has

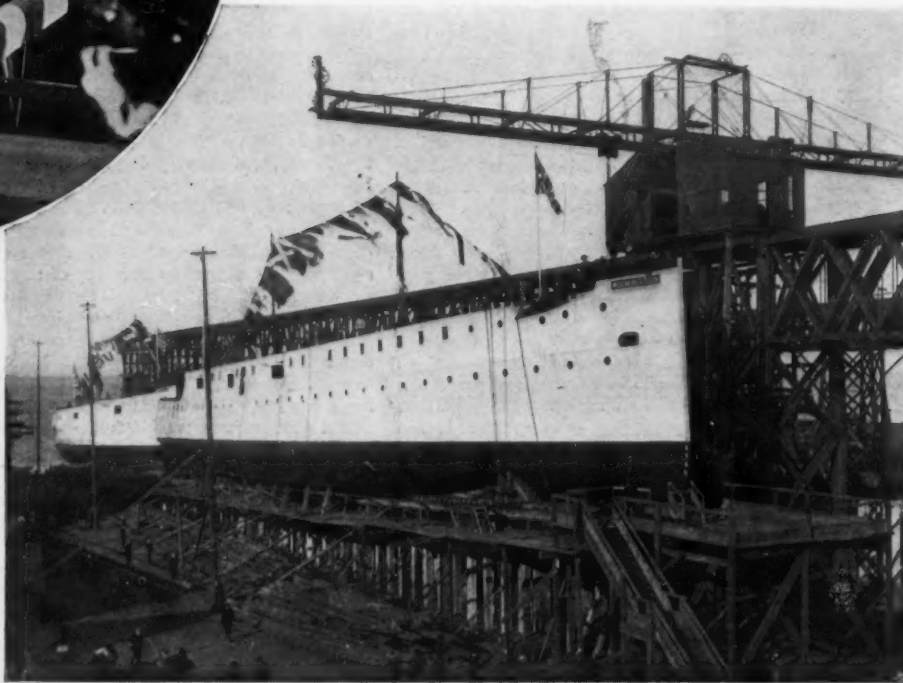
gone to join the journeymen printer in monastic retirement. Perhaps there is no sphere of activity in which educated woman are displaying greater usefulness or achieving more marked success than in this. Then there are twenty-five women lawyers, and all have been singularly successful, though their position has not been attained without hard work and perseverance. The woman doctors and journalists may be numbered by hundreds, and in the ordinary fields of business they are so numerous, and their methods are so rapid and accurate, that the most conservative and old-fashioned business man is disarmed of his opposition. But to the stranger, a quiet, unsophisticated man from the East, perhaps, the situation is sometimes rather startling. "If this thing keeps on," said Faneuil Tremont to me the other day, "I may as well retire. The heirs of some Wyoming property and some city real estate want me to effect an exchange for Indiana coal lands. The lawyer in charge of the Wyoming property is a woman, and smart as a steel trap. I go to the *Black Diamond* (coal journal) for statistics of output of the coal fields and find the editor is a woman. I go to the "Travelers' and Shippers' Guide" for information about the railroads tributary to the Wyoming property, and there is a woman in charge of the office, and she appears to know every railroad in the United States. The real-estate agent who has charge of the city property is a woman, and the property is rented to two women, one of whom keeps a green-house and another a livery-stable. Fact, I assure you. My office is in the Woman's Temple, and when I wanted to get the people to adopt a patent safety boiler cut-off in which I was interested, I'll be hanged if the engineer, who is a woman, didn't tell me she'd tried that cut-off and found its working defective, and she showed me just what was the matter with it, too. I stopped to-day to get shaved at a tidy-looking barber-shop with flowers in the window, and was struck in a heap when I found the barbers were all women—eight

of them. I hadn't been barbered by a woman since my mother cut my hair. But it was all right. She didn't talk a bit. If I get sick we've got a woman doctor, and if I die, why, the sexton of our church—my wife's church, I should say—is a woman, so I suppose I'll be laid to rest, as I was first rocked to sleep, by a woman. Maybe it will be a woman, too, regularly, ordained, who will say the last prayer at my grave."

The woman barber is, of course, a feature of special interest in this development of woman's activity in Chicago. If there ever was a prejudice against the applications of woman's taste and skill in this sphere of labor—and with old-fashioned folk that prejudice has undoubtedly been very pronounced—it has been effectively overcome with the lapse of time. As nothing succeeds like success, the time is probably not far distant when in our cities generally women will come into favor in this business, heretofore monopolized by the sterner sex.

And why not?

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.



THE LAUNCH OF THE GUNBOATS "NASHVILLE" AND "WILMINGTON," TANDEM FASHION, FROM THE SAME WAYS, AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA—THE FIRST LAUNCH OF THE KIND EVER MADE. Photograph by Hart.—[See editorial page.]



STREET SCENE DURING THE ARMENIAN RIOTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.
Black and White.



COURT-YARD OF THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION, STAMBOUL, WHERE WOUNDED ARMENIAN PRISONERS WERE BAYONETED TO DEATH.—*London Graphic.*



TYPES OF SOFTAS (MOHAMMEDAN STUDENTS), INSTIGATORS OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
London Graphic.



TREBIZOND, WHERE SEVEN HUNDRED ARMENIANS WERE MASSACRED BY THE TURKS.—*Illustrated London News.*

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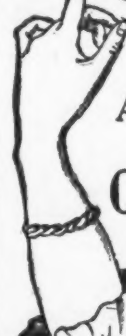
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